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could not free her hands from stains of guilt, bowed to the dust, emaciated and dishevelled, tired of all eyes, weary of the world, of life, and yet shrinking from the horrors of death. Her eyes were dry and sunken, her lips were brown and cracked, all the sweet dews of youth had for ever fled, all tides of living waters had receded, and over in her mind, Heaven hung the burning light!

Here was earnest work. No actor can represent for you, the visible effects of either of the fearful ills which burn along the interior world of life. Were it possible, the multitude would not allow such representations. They demand that fine conventional rendering of these phenomena, which is evolved from three distinct forces, the nature of the phenomenon being modified by the character of the people to whom such representation is addressed.

Just beyond this is the great objective truth, marked by a terrible concentrative earnestness. Wherefore, then, this picture of the Magdalen is not the painter's embodied conception of the character of his subject, but a revelation of himself, a betrayal of his secret. So I wrote that on my tablets, leaving space to write whatever I might subsequently learn in relation to the work and its author, which was the following:

Andrea del Castagno lived and wrought in Florence when Art was poor in means; unable through the feebleness of its *palette* to attain to those subtle and exquisite refinements of color, and light, and shade, of which a few of the more ambitious painters had seen the far-off gleaming. The genius of that remarkable age, no longer gazed with gently alternating vision, now upon heaven, the ultimate of the soul's highest, now abroad upon the level human world, in human sympathy, but had caught a gleam of her own simple and spotless garments reflected in the still waters.

At this time the studio of Andrea, whose easel had borne only those quaint and often beautiful pictures in *distemper*, executed for the holy church, became gloomy. Mysteries of light and shade, and problems of colors tormented him; peace had departed, and neither in art nor in nature, nor in religion, could he find rest. The shining of gold that gold itself could not represent, the inward gleaming of eyes, the light beneath the shade, and the deeper tone of blood seen *through* the golden surface, the quality of nature's tints, had she placed these effects there, are inaccessible heights.

The adaptation of the visual organ, the demand of his nature, and its receptiveness, assumed the hue of prophecies, as they were. Yet of what avail were prophecies and longings? Was not the limit of the pallet too well defined?

While Andrea was thus vexing himself, goaded on by an insane ambition which demanded no less of his art than that it should enable him to triumph over all his contemporaries, there came a rumor from the north that a new and wondrous method had been discovered, by which all the effects of nature could be revealed; and soon a young man came from Venice who knew of this new process, and had in his possession the secret of *painting in oil*. Him our artist sought, and being a man of engaging manners, skilled in all accomplishments of that refined age, he speedily won the friendship of the Venetian, who waited not long to instruct Andrea in the new method of mixing colors. With what delight he saw the boundaries of his Art suddenly expanded, nay, swept away, leaving the domain unlimited, a consciousness of power. Ah! but the Venetian, he too had the power likewise, and that thought dashed the cup of joy from the painter's lips.

Little more remains to be said, and we will give it in the language of Vasari.

"One evening in the summer time, Dominica, the Venetian, taking his lute as was his custom,

went forth from Santa Maria Nuova, leaving Andrea in his room drawing, the latter having refused his invitation to accompany him to their amusements as usual, under the pretext that he had to prepare certain drawings of importance. Dominica having thus gone forth alone to his recreations, Andrea disguised his person, and set himself to wait for his companion's return at the corner of a street; and when Dominica, on his way home, arrived at this place, he fell upon him with a certain leaden weight, and there-with crushed the lute and the chest of his victim with repeated blows. But even this did not appear to him sufficient for his purpose, and with the same weapon he struck his victim heavily on the head; then leaving him lying on the ground, he returned to his room in Santa Maria Nuova, where, having locked the door, he sat down to his drawing as he had been left by Dominica."

This was the man who painted the Magdalen of the Pitti Palace, whose works henceforth from the evening of the murder, uttered with fearful power the secrets of a guilty soul, until upon his death-bed the particular crime was confessed; but strangely enough not one painting in oil by Andrea del Castagno has been preserved.

In my next I will speak of another phase of the Pre-Raphaelite Art, made manifest in the works of one, who from his holy tranquillity and divine enthusiasm, is known as the Fra Angelico, *Il Beatta* the Blessed. ADIO.

WILLIAM PAGE.

(From the London Art Journal.)

"At the risk of being thought guilty of exaggeration, I declare, after visiting the studio of Mr. Page, that he is undoubtedly the best portrait painter of modern times. I say this emphatically, and let those who doubt it go there and judge for themselves. He has studied the Venetian school of coloring; he has, so to say, *identified* himself with these painters, particularly Titian, so that his works want but the touch of age, that cracked, yellowish tinge old Time's mellowing hand alone can give, to render the imitation perfect. I am aware that the low tone of color pervading his pictures is disapproved by some artists, who qualify it by the term 'blackness,' but this is unjust; his touch is always transparent and harmonious, and his system of coloring borne out by the greatest masters. Of his flesh tints it might be said, as of the Venetian masters of old—prick it and it will bleed.

"Not least among his extraordinary and many perfections, is the treatment, the attitude of his subjects; he invariably selecting such poses as Titian or Paolo Veronese would have chosen. Yet this similarity is spontaneous, and wholly free from servile mannerism; but his brush and his eye are so modulated with the conceptions of the great masters he follows, that the resemblance comes naturally. I have visited the best studios of Rome, but in point of color and treatment Mr. Page may challenge them all. He is truly a 'second Daniel come to judgment.'

"I cannot describe the gratification I felt while looking at his works, for of all schools in the world, I prefer the Venetian; and I frankly own I would rather possess Titian's 'Assumption of the Virgin' than Raphael's 'Transfiguration.' Mr. Page is still a young man, and looks, himself, like a Venetian painter. He has just finished a head of Miss Cushman, one of the most skillful likenesses of a plain woman I ever beheld; for he has toned and softened down her defects, and heightened the pleasing expression of her countenance, without in the least sacrificing the vitality of the resemblance. But the picture I especially noted, and which actually caused me a thrill of delight, as my eyes rested on it, is a portrait of Mrs. Crawford, wife of the celebrated American sculptor. Talk of Michael

Angelo burying his Bacchus, after he had broken the arm, to deceive the ignorant, and 'make believe very much' it was an antique; why this picture, after a few years' mellowing, would do more, and actually make one believe we had all gone back some hundred years, and that Paolo Veronese or Titian were alive and at work.

"He has been particularly happy in the subject, which is an extremely handsome woman; largely possessing the rich, ripe, Venetian type of beauty. The figure is partly turned away—the face looking round at the spectators, over the shoulder, giving charming lines in the fine, full neck and shoulders. The hair is simply braided,

'Yet locks upon the open brow,
Madonna-wise, divided there.'

"The whole execution of the head is a model of color. The languid, sleepy eyes turned to ward one with just that dreamy, indolent expression Titian gives to his Venuses. The background is very singular; diamonded tapestry, in a stiff tessellated pattern, absolutely Byzantine in its severe rigidity. Such a background is a triumphant test of the artist's power, for the truth of the drawing is undeniably proved by the fact that it admits of detached objects in the immediate vicinity of the figure being accurately made out without deteriorating or confusing the principal object. This was the case with Holbein and all the severe Dutch masters.

"I could not but institute a passing comparison between the peculiar and almost symmetrical accuracy of this treatment, with the practice of modern painters, such as Reynolds, Lawrence, Hoppner, and Romney, who all, more or less, indulged in the *dash* style. Classic as they often were, they dared not introduce any severity in their backgrounds. Failing, as they often did, in close imitation and truth in the principal objects, they rather chose a general vacuity, often, indeed, an almost chaotic mystery, as necessary to give importance to the subject. In Lawrence, especially, there is evidence of artistic *trick*. Masses of shadow and half tint constantly occur, rolled up, so to say, in gleams and electric touches of light, placed in juxtaposition with the principal mass of dark. In the treatment of Page, as in Titian, and all the masters of that elevated school, there is both simplicity and breadth, dignity and earnestness, in the execution.

LECTURES ON ANCIENT ART.

BY M. RAOUL-ROCHETTE.

(From the Athenæum.)

M. Rochette appears to be a clear-headed man, with a sincere antiquarian love of Art, but he is not an original thinker. He can weigh testimony, compare Etruscan and Grecian Art, disjunct the transformation of the mummy of Egypt into the Venus of Greece, and there an end. His human eyes are keen, but his spiritual insight is below the average.

Art is not a question to be treated with the elaborate and tedious dullness with which bewigged men discuss a deed of settlement. The chemist may bind the invisible spirits of the atmosphere, and weigh the gases that are their essence; but such process will not enable an artist to paint the air better, or a poet to describe it more glowingly. A philosopher might as well begin to study the human mind by counting the articulations of the spinal column; as a man expect to grow from an antiquarian into an artist. We are glad, therefore, to see M. Rochette at once disown all attempts to verify unascertainable dates by arguments founded on controvertible data, and proceed at once to discuss the broad principles which regulated the development of Grecian Art. We only lament that about these principles M. Rochette teaches us nothing new. He brings us down later than the German writers, and recapitulates a few of

the latest archæological discoveries, much in the manner of an annual register or an historical log-book; but he does not help us to read the mysteries of Greek Art by the light of nineteenth century canons. He does not tell us what portion of the Art of Phidias was eternal, and what local and accidental, and gives us no help towards discovering how far the religious spirit of Paganism should be revered by Christian sculptors of a Christian country. Long pages at the present day on the Jupiter of Phidias, or the Iphigenia of the prudent Timanthes are really works quite unneeded. The youngest Art student needs not to be informed that the love of the Beautiful was the predominating principle of Greek Art—that a knowledge of the nude conduced to the excellence of Praxiteles and Polyctetus—or that with the Greeks, Expression was kept subordinate to Beauty. Every painter knows this before he enters our Academy, and it may all be learnt without reading Pliny or Lanzl, by a day spent in studying the Elgin Marbles. In an encyclopædia we could not blame a writer for summing up these elementary facts, but we do find fault with them in a work that is not a handbook nor a class-book, but a book intended for the general perusal of a nation, whose mathematical love of rule has long kept it bound to the dead body of the past. Lectures such as these are not commensurate with the advancing love of Art in England. (and, probably, not in France); they are "stale, flat,"—we could almost say "unprofitable." They leave our doubts unsettled, our errors unrooted, and bring us no further on the road towards perfection.

A modern writer on Greek Art has heavy responsibilities. He has to decide whether Art has or has not reached perfection; if it has, where, and how? Can a Christian attain it on the old Pagan principle, and must he remodel impure deities, in whom he does not believe? These are the questions that vex our sculptors, who are too fond of or too indifferent to Nature; and the lecturer who avoids these subjects is a juggling prophet, who prophesies to earn his mess—one whose visions are unhealthy nightmares and by no means dreams inspired by Heaven.

This fact cannot be controverted:—*Religion has in all ages been the vital principle of the highest Art.* It was so in Athens when Phidias shaped out his Minerva—it was so in Pisa when hooded men painted the Campo Santo. To religion we owe the Apollo and the Venus, the Elgin frieze and the Theseus, Raphael's "Ascension," and Leonardo's "Last Supper." No other feeling of the mind has been found capable of producing like wonders. Redundancy of animal vigor gave us a Salvator Rosa, a commercial principle Ostade and Denner, and personal vanity Kneller and Lely. Allow then these facts, which the experience of the Past seems to assure us are indications of an inherent principle of human nature, and not the result of accident, and to what inference do we come? That religion being the deepest, is the most powerful feeling capable of existing in the mind, and that religion produces the highest Art; not another man's religion, be it remembered, one that we laugh at and despise, but our own, the guide of our faith and the principle of our action. If we are answered, that Christian subjects do not admit of a sufficient display of the nude, and that the nude is necessary in an art whose province is form—we must conclude that, such being the case, Sculpture can never again attain to its past perfection; and having acknowledged such limitation and inferiority, we have nothing left but to admire and measure, and copy and go on till the end of time, casting new metal in the old mould.

To return to M. Rochette. He divides his book into twelve lectures. In his first, he discusses the question of Grecian Art being developed from Egyptian Art, denies such descent,

and draws an obvious but correct parallel between the progress of ancient and modern taste. Dædalus and his school he compares to Cimabue and Giotto, who threw off the hieratic Byzantine trammels, just as the Greeks did the conventions of their religion. The parallel, however, does not hold if carried too far. Greek Art, advancing more slowly and more firmly—perhaps too firmly fixed in its principles—progressed for centuries; but modern Art declined as soon as it reached perfection. The author then proceeds to sketch Phœnician, Persian, and Egyptian Art, and dwells much on the early petrification of the latter. He considers that the preservation of the dead body itself led very early to a dislike to its imitation. In his Fourth Lecture, he glances at Etruscan Art, which he pronounces to be essentially Asiatic, and describes the sepulchral urns, the mirrors, bronzes, gems, tombs and paintings of Corneto and Volterra. In all Tuscan Art, from the tomb of Tarquinia to the works of Michael Angelo, he discerns the same rigid fidelity and energy—fidelity without grace and truth without beauty. The Sixth Lecture brings us to a geographical view of Greek Art from the ærolites and Hermes to Dædalus, Phidias and Praxiteles. The Æginetan school is then considered, and the love of the Beautiful shown to be not merely a Greek principle, but a Grecian institution. The book concludes abruptly with a memoir of Phidias.

On one subject alone is M. Rochette original, and on that he is wrong. He is an advocate for making marble a mere substance to receive paint, and approves, in a word, of coloring statues.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

If universal Art progressed as fast as this small scientific branch of it, we might soon look for new Phidiases and new Raphaels. The second annual exhibition is now open in Pall Mall, and presents evidences of great improvement. The portraits are broader and clearer, and the compositions more artistic. The views from Nature are wider and more varied; animal life is well represented, and still life is most successfully handled. We have scenes, not copied, but literally brought away bodily, by solar enchantment, from Normandy and Venice, Stamboul and Egypt. Last year the photographers seemed all experimenting, timid, uncertain; this year they aim at artistic effects, and seem always trying to form pictures and not sketches. Water still seems to defy the rulers of the sun, while air is more and more enchained to their service. In one view of York Minster, seen from the walls of the city, the wind seems blowing and the sky rocking past; but the water remains turbid, foggy or metallic—its transparency is lost, and it remains solid, vague and earthy. This fresh element we hope, however, will be annexed to the territory of Photography by the time of the next Exhibition. We do not say that there are no ink-blot pictures, and no skies with unfavorable eruptions, for many varieties of cutaneous disease still torture the children of the sun. In skies Mr. Sherlock has made some fresh conquests, arresting the most fleeting vapors. With such lessons for the landscape artist, no such mistake of cloud regions as Mr. Ruskin points out in living painting will henceforth be tolerated. Perhaps, like young painters, the photographers are too intent at present on the mechanism of their Art to attend to its highest capabilities, and too uncertain of the extent of their powers to acknowledge its proper limitations. A debatable ground still lies between the high artist and the artistic mechanician, and its boundaries are not yet defined. How far the two professions may mingle is uncertain; that they cannot exchange vocations is evident. A bad artist may, however, make a good photographer; and so two Arts will be benefited. A bad photographer turning painter

may find means to rival the sunshine of Cuyt without even the aid of sunlight. For artistic reference we might advise photographers always to make a note of the hour, day and month of their studies; this would verify their truth, and greatly increase the professional value of their specimens.

One feature of this year's Exhibition are the excellent copies of prints, *alti-rilievi*, vases, drawings and etchings. It is rather as thus superseding engraving than painting that any fear need be felt of Photography by those who are fed by Art. Instantaneous and perfect copies of pictures make the slow labor of the engraver comparatively useless, except in the higher branches of his art. In color we see no great progress—nor does it seem likely that anything but the light and shade and composition of nature will be caught by even those wonderful spells that force the sun to do our bidding. Stonework is copied to perfection, tree trunks with equal success; but the smaller twigs are apt to turn into dark wires or feathery nothings. Water is a failure, skies are uncertain, and grass remains microscopic and confused.

This science is the free trade of Art; and every one may now be an artist in his spare moments without toiling for years over laborious mechanism. Its charm is, that the simplest student may become a discoverer, and that his results may be always greater than he had expected. The most evanescent moments of life may be arrested, and only indifference or prejudice can now excuse those who refrain from obtaining portraits of parents and friends, who, perhaps, in a few days may be removed by death. Historical events will now be recorded with indisputable accuracy, and we shall no longer have to depend alone upon the verbal reports of ignorance or animosity.

Photography may be to Art what printing was to literature. It will widen, but perhaps not deepen, our national love of Nature.

All conversant with that pleasant book of Miss Howitt's, "The Art-Student," will be glad to see, in this Exhibition, copies of Kaulbach's cartoons, described by her when at Munich.—*Athenæum.*

ECKERMANN.—Letters from Weimar announce the death of Dr. Eckermann, the well known friend and amanuensis of Goethe. The filial attachment to his great master—the deep and quick intelligence to which we owe his celebrated "Conversations with Goethe,"—the active part he took in the editorship of Goethe's works—the integrity of his character—and the honesty of his literary endeavors, are certain to secure to him an honorable memory. Eckermann was born in 1792, at Winsen, near Hanover; but not before 1821—23, after a youth of struggles, was he enabled to pursue his studies at the University of Göttingen. In 1823 he entered Goethe's house; after the death of the poet, in 1832, he lived alternately at Hanover and at Weimar. His last years, we are grieved to say, were saddened by bad health and social isolation.—*Athenæum.*

HISTORY is a dull study till the boy finds it rise up in spontaneous pictures in his mind. Then he sees Woolsey gnawing his cane in a rage, or striking the council-board with his fist—Cromwell smoking his pipe or throwing the cushions at Ireton—Elizabeth playing with her birds or putting the crossbow to her shoulder. So in painting: it is lifeless till we know the aims and passions of the painter, and till our own opinions of his character are verified by history or biography. No one could think Il Robusto a mild man, or Da Vinci a blusterer like Ribera. About Correggio's works there are piety and amiability, and about Salvator Rosa an animal vigor, fiery and redundant.—*Athenæum.*